

THE SEATTLE STAR

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Polls Are Open Till 8 P. M.

VOTE.
This duty of American citizenship cannot be too strongly emphasized. Go to the polls and cast your ballot.

The Star has but one other piece of advice to offer. Be independent. Vote for candidates who will be independent of any entangling alliances. This is a non-partisan election.

Vote as a good American citizen and not as a slave to party lines.

Kick Them Out

THE United States senate going to swallow the threat of the armor plate traitors, thieves and blackmailers to raise the price of armor \$200 per ton, if the bill to provide government armor plate passes?

We use the names above advisedly.

In 1894, the plate makers were fined \$140,000 by President Cleveland for furnishing rotten plate for United States ships that afterward had to fight in the war with Spain. In 1896, they were convicted of furnishing armor plate to foreign nations at \$249 per ton, when charging Uncle Sam \$540. In 1916, they boldly appear in the United States senate with a threat to blackmail the government in \$20,000,000, if certain legislation is enacted, and they can do it, as Secretary Daniels says that for years they have fixed the price of plate to the United States.

What has become of the dignity and honor of the United States senate, when treacherous robbers can walk in, shake their fists under the senatorial nose and threaten a hold-up?

What's Eating the Army

THERE isn't any doubt but snobbery, a social caste and feudalism are "what's the matter with our army," as Gilson Gardner discloses in his Washington correspondence.

Most officers treat the privates as yellow dogs and most officers are officers thru appointment to West Point by political pull and promotion by political pull. We have the old English system in all respects save the buying of positions with cash. And the snobbery and brutality run from the ranks right up to the highest grades. The hatred held by lower grade men toward their superiors is so strong and well-founded that, unless there is a speedy cure for it, we shall have, in our next actual war, a whole lot of officers shot in the back with their faces toward the enemy.

In every army post snobbery and caste nastiness seethe among officers' wives and other female attaches. The social lines are so sharply drawn as to be utterly silly and shameful as well as undemocratic and harmful, and envy and hatred choke anything like respect or self-respect.

A very large percentage of our officer factory's product at West Point are born snobs, educated snobs and confirmed as snobs by our military system. Until recruiting of officers from the ranks and promotion on the basis of merit become the rule, rather than the exception, we will do well to make almighty close study of the subject of conscription.

BEGGAR came to Chief Lang's house, and Louie called for the police. Help! Help!

FURTHER EVIDENCE that 13 is an unlucky number will be offered by some of the 13 candidates for the council after the votes are counted.

TODAY IS election day, but the drug stores will remain open.

WILSON'S "INCOMPARABLY greatest navy" means that we would have to build about six times as fast and as big as now.

Western Sunday Amusement

LOS ANGELES has punctured a good many of San Diego's little vanity bubbles in times ago. The Los Angeles papers have had bunches of harmless fun at it. But the two cities are fast friends for a' o' that. So we are genuinely distressed at the latest tidings from Los Angeles harbor.

A lot of reckless cowboys who failed to recognize it as a harbor for ocean liners, sought to pasture a herd of cattle in Los Angeles harbor. One hundred steers boldly strolled in and began to graze. But the water was too deep for grazing and too shallow for bathing. The cowboys had to tie on to the horns of the steers and yank 'em out of the bog. The incident afforded a Sunday afternoon's entertainment for several hundred automobilists.

Which gives one an idea. Why not turn that harbor into a stadium like the one at San Diego?

In Defense, Keep on the Offensive!

No sooner had the German government gotten out of the Lusitania trouble than it courted another one, most of us think, by giving the United States notice that submarines will blow up armed merchantmen without notice, passengers or no passengers, on the ground that such ships are technically allied warships.

Whether or not it is right, this decision is in keeping with one of the oldest of Prussian military policies; that is, that the best defense is to be always on the offensive.

On the sea, Germany is always on the defensive. Therefore she must assume the offensive in some way or other. The submarine warfare of 1915 was offensive warfare.

So also is the recent order to blow up armed commercial ships on sight an offensive move.

Follow the Germans all thru this war and you will find this strategy: Always on the offensive somewhere. It has caught the allies napping time and again, but they are beginning to learn the lesson.

It is understood that the German general staff has recently withdrawn 600,000 men from the Russian front to make another big drive in Belgium or northern France. If that is so, it put the Germans on the defense in Russia. The allies believe it is so because the Germans began a most audacious midwinter OFFENSIVE in the north of Russia. Thereupon, the Russians drove back and the cables say that the czar's generals propose to find out how many soldiers really are behind that offensive.

The pugilist who keeps leading at his opponent all the time, from the sound of the gong, stands a good chance, early of getting in a knockout blow, or of scaring the other fellow, or tiring him out.

But he must get the decision early, because the grueling work he has given himself tends to exhaust him sooner or later.

THEN, IF THE OTHER FELLOW HAS BEEN ABLE TO KEEP GOING, IT BECOMES A QUESTION OF WHICH WILL BE EXHAUSTED FIRST, WHICH HAS THE BETTER RESOURCES, WHICH HAS THE MORE STEAM BEHIND HIS BLOWS AT THE END.

It's a great game, folks!

"ARE YOU half the man your mother thought you'd be?" is a new recruiting song that's creating a furore, as "Tipperary" did. If all the men who aren't over half what their mothers expected enlist, they'll have some army, all right.

"THE LORD looks after children, drunken men and the United States," said Cousin Bill Taft. But he doesn't mean that the Lord overlooked Utah and Vermont four years ago.

A Novel a Week

A standard, high-class, book-size novel, complete this week in this paper.
No long waits; a full installment will come to you every day.

ROSE GARDEN HUSBAND

By Margaret Widdemer Copyright, J. B. Lippincott & Co. Biggest Newspaper Fiction Feature of Year
Next Week's Complete Novel Will Be John Reed Scott's "THE RED EMERALD"

Start Reading It Today

Besides all the other good things this paper will give each week a standard price novel. Nothing better for evening reading.

This is a part of a book-sized, popular novel being complete this week on this newspaper. Others are to follow from week to week, beginning each Monday and ending each Saturday. A COMPLETE NOVEL EVERY WEEK! If you want back copies of the paper, or if you are not a regular subscriber and wish to take advantage of this feature, call this paper's circulation department.

CHAPTER I

A Rainy Saturday

THE Liberry Teacher lifted her eyes from a half-made catalogue-card, eyed the relentlessly slow clock and checked a wriggle of weariness.

It was 4 o'clock of a stately wet Saturday. As long as it is anything from Monday to Friday the average library attendant goes around thanking her stars she isn't a school teacher; but the last day of the week, when the rest of the world is having its relaxing Saturday off and coming to gloat over you as it acquires its Sunday-reading best seller if you work in a library you begin just at noon to wish devoutly that you'd taken up scrubbing-by-the-day, or back-driving, or porch-climbing—or anything on earth that gave you a weekly half-holiday!

"Liberry Teacher," it might be well to explain, was not her official title. Her description on the pay roll ran, "Assistant for the Children's Department, Greenway Branch, City Public Library." Grown-up people, when she happened to run across them, called her Miss Braithwaite. But "Liberry Teacher" was the only name the children ever used, and she saw scarcely anybody but the children, six days a week, 51 weeks a year. As for her real name, that nobody ever called her by, that was Phyllis Narcissa.

She was quite willing to have such a name as that buried out of sight. She had a sense of fitness, and such a name belonged back in the old New England paragonage garden full of pink roses and girl-dreams, and the days before she was 18.

It wasn't that the Liberry Teacher didn't like her position. She not only liked it, but she had a great deal of admiration for it because it had been exceedingly hard to get. She had held it firmly now for a whole year.

Before that she had been in the Circulation department, and she had a great deal of admiration for it because it had been exceedingly hard to get. She had held it firmly now for a whole year.

When the children wanted to speak her particularly they described her as "the pretty one that laughs." But at 4 o'clock of a wet Saturday afternoon even the most sunny-hearted Liberry Teacher may be excused for having thoughts that are a little restless. With the careful accuracy one acquires in library work she was wishing for a sum of money, a garden, and a husband—this is why:

That day as she was returning from her long-deferred 20-minute "dairy lunch" she had charged, umbrella down, almost into a pretty lady getting out of a shiny gray limousine. Such an unnecessarily pretty lady all furs and fluffies and veils and perfumes and wavy hair! And each of her white-gloved hands held tight to a pretty picture book child. Mother and children were making their way to the matinee of a fairy play.

The Liberry Teacher smiled at the children with more than her accustomed good will. The mother smiled back, a smile that changed, as the Liberry Teacher passed, to puzzled remembrance. The little family went on into the the-

atre, and Phyllis Braithwaite hurried on back to her work, trying to think who the pretty lady could have been, to have seemed to almost remember her. Finally the solution came, just as Phyllis was pulling off her raincoat in the dark cloak room.

"Eva Atkinson!" she said.
"Back in long ago in the little New England town, where Phyllis Braithwaite had lived till she was almost 18, there had been a Principal Grocer. And Eva Atkinson had been his daughter, not so very pretty, not so very pleasant, not so very clever, and about six years older than Phyllis.

Phyllis remembered hearing that Eva had married and come to this city to live. And this had been Eva—Eva, by the grace of gold, radiantly complexioned, wonderfully groomed, beautifully gowned, and looking 24, perhaps, at most; with a car and a placid expression and heaps of money, and pretty, clean children!

The Liberry Teacher, severely work-worn and weather-dragged, jerked herself away from the small greenish cloak room mirror that was unkind to you at your best.

"She gave a little out-loud cry of vexation now as she thought of it, two hours later.
"I must have looked to Eva like a battered bisque doll—no wonder she couldn't place me!" she muttered crossly.

"Eva never was as pretty as I was!" her rebellious thoughts went on. You think things, you know, that you'd never say aloud. "I'm sick of elevating the public! I'm sick of working hard 51 weeks out of 52 for board and lodging and carfare and shirtwaists. I'm sick of libraries, and of being efficient! I want to be a real girl! Oh, I wish—I wish I had a lot of money, and a rose garden, and a husband!"

The Liberry Teacher was agitated at heart. She hadn't meant to wish such a very unmaidenly thing so hard. She jumped up and dashed across the room and collected the most uproarious of her flock around her and began telling their stories out of the "Merry Adventures of Robin Hood."

It would keep the children quiet, and her thoughts, too. She put rose-gardens, not to say husbands, severely out of her head. But you can't play fast and loose with the Destinies that way.

CHAPTER II

A Messenger of Fate

He was gray-haired, pink-checked, curvingly side-whiskered and immaculately gray-clad; and he did not look in the least like a messenger of fate.

"Teacher!" hissed Isaac Rabino-witz, snapping his fingers at her. "Teacher! There's a guy wants to speak to you!"

"Aw, shut-up!" chorused his indignant little mates. "Can't you see that Teacher's tellin' a story? Go chase yourself! Go do a tango ruz de block!"

The Liberry Teacher looked up without stopping her story, and smiled a familiar greeting to the elderly gentleman, who was waiting a little uncertainly at the Children's Room door. He smiled and nodded in return.

"Just a minute, please, Mr. De Guenther," said the Liberry Teacher, cheerfully.

The elderly gentleman nodded again. Phyllis hurried somewhat with Robin Hood, and felt happier. It was always, in her eventless life, something of a pleasant adventure to have Mr. De Guenther by his wife drop in to see her. There was usually something pleasant at the end of it.

They were an elderly couple whom she had known for some years. She had waited on them, and identified them by their cards as belonging to the same family. Then one day, with a pleasant little quiver of joy, she had found him in the city who's who, age, profession (he was a corporation lawyer), middle names, favorite recreation, and all. Graciously she had come to know them both very well in a waiting-on way.

When she had vanished temporarily from sight into the nunnery-promotion of the cataloguing room the De Guenthers had still remembered her. Twice she had been asked to Sunday dinner at their house, and had joyfully gone and remembered it as joyous for months afterward.

But it's a long way down to the basement where city libraries are apt to keep their children, and the De Guenthers hadn't been down there since the last time they asked her to dinner. And here, with every sign of having come to say something very special, stood Mr. De Guenther. Phyllis' irrefragably cheerful disposition gave a little jump toward the light.

She scattered her children with a swift executive whisk, and made straight for her friend.

"I do hope you want to see me especially!" she said brightly.

Mr. De Guenther rose slowly from his seat.

"Good afternoon, Miss Braithwaite," he said. "Yes. In the language of our young friend here, 'I'm on the guy.'"

Phyllis giggled before she thought.

"Oh, Mr. De Guenther!" she said. "I am shocked at you! That's slang!"

"It was more in the nature of a quotation," said he apologetically. "And how are you this exceedingly unpleasant day, Miss Braithwaite? We have seen very little of you lately, Mrs. De Guenther and I."

The Liberry Teacher, gracefully respectful in her place, wriggled with invisible impatience over this carefully polite conversational opening.

It is difficult to think and listen at the same time; by this time she had missed something, apparently. For her friend was holding out to her a note addressed flowingly in his handsome and intelligent, with much charm of manner.

"I know now what people mean by 'talking like a book,'" thought Phyllis irreverently. "And I don't believe any one man could be all that!"

"There was practically nothing," Mr. De Guenther went on, "which the poor lad had not. That was one trouble, I imagine. If he had not been highly intelligent he would not have studied so hard; if he had not been strong and active he might not have taken up athletic sports so wholeheartedly; and when I add that Allan possessed charm, money and social status you may see that what he did would have broken down most young fellows. But he was young and strong, and might not have felt so much ill effects from that; and his doctors said afterwards that he was nearly at the breaking point when he graduated."

Phyllis bent closer to the storyteller in her intense interest.

"Allan could not have been more than 22 when he graduated and it was a very short while afterwards that he became engaged to a young girl, the daughter of a family friend, Louise Frey was her name, was it not, love?"

"Yes, that is right," said his wife, "Louise Frey."

"They were both very young, but there was no good reason why the marriage should be delayed, and it was set for the following September."

"It must have been scarcely a month," the story went on, "nearly a month before the day set for the wedding when the lovers went for a long automobile ride, across a range of mountains near a country place where they were both staying. They were alone in the machine."

"Allan, of course, was driving. They were on an unfrequented part of the road, and Mr. De Guenther, lowering his voice, "when there occurred an unforeseen wreckage in the car's machinery. The car was thrown over and badly splintered. Both young people were pinned under it."

"So far as he knew at the time, Allan was not injured, nor was he in any pain; but he was held in absolute inability to move by the car above him. Miss Frey, on the contrary, was badly hurt, and suffering. She died in about three hours, a little while before relief came to them."

Phyllis clutched the arms of her chair, thrilled and wide-eyed. She could imagine all the horror of the happening thru the old lawyer's precise and unemotional story. The boy-lover, pinioned, helpless, condemned to watch his sweetheart dying by inches, and unable to help her by so much as lifting a hand—could anything be more awful, not only to endure, but to remember?"

"But you said he was an invalid?" she prompted.

"Yes, I regret to say," answered Mr. De Guenther. "You see, it was found that the shock to the nerves, acting on an already over-keved mind and body, together with some spinal blood concerning which the doctors are still in doubt, had affected Allan's powers of locomotion. (Mr. De Guenther certainly did like long words.) "He has, which is sadder, his state of mind"

and body has become steadily worse. He can scarcely move at all now, and his mental attitude can only be described as painfully morbid. Sometimes he does not speak at all for days together, even to his mother, or his attendant."

"Oh, poor boy!" said Phyllis. "How long has he been this way?"

"Seven years this fall," the answer came.

"Oh!" said the Liberry Teacher, with a quick catch of sympathy at her heart.

"Just as long as she had been working for her living in the big, dusty library. Supposing she'd had to live all that time in such suffering as this poor Allan had had to witness! She felt suddenly as if the grimy, restless Children's Room, with its clatter of turbulent little outland voices, were a safe, sunny paradise in comparison."

Mr. De Guenther did not speak. He visibly braced himself and was visibly ill at ease.

"I have told most of the story, Isabel," said he at last. "Would you prefer to tell the rest? It is at your instance that I have undertaken this commission for Mrs. Harrington, you will remember."

It struck Phyllis that he didn't think it was quite a dignified commission, at that.

"Very well, my dear," said his wife, and took up the tale in her swift, soft voice.

"You can fancy, my dear Miss Braithwaite, how intensely his mother has felt about it."

"Indeed, yes!" said Phyllis. "Her whole life, since the accident, has been one long devotion to her son. And poor Angela has finally broken under the strain. She is dying now—they give her maybe two months more."

"Her own anxiety, of course, is for poor Allan's welfare. You can imagine how 300 women feel if you had to leave an entirely helpless son or brother to the mercies of hired attendants, however faithful. And they have no relatives—they are the last of the family."

The listening girl began to see. She was going to be asked to act as nurse, perhaps attendant and guardian, to this morbid invalid with the injured mind and body.

She looked questioningly at the pair.

"Where does my part come in?" she asked, with a certain sweet directness, as 300 women feel if you had to leave an entirely helpless son or brother to the mercies of hired attendants, however faithful. And they have no relatives—they are the last of the family."

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Letters To Cynthia Grey

Q—My little boy is 6 years old. He is an obedient child, and has a sunny, lovable disposition, but he is not truthful. He tells the most impossible lies in the most serious manner. We have never frightened him or given him any reason to do this. Can you offer any explanation?
A—WORRIED PARENT.

Q—Remember that a child may tell an untruth without knowing it. Children often imagine things that do not really happen. Don't be too hasty in accusing the boy of lying, but cultivate his imagination. When he is older his sense of discrimination will be more developed.

Q—I am a stenographer who loves beautiful clothes. My friends tell me that I dress too elaborately and wear too much jewelry for an office girl. Do you see any reason why a girl should not look pretty while at her work?
A—STENOGRAPHER.

Q—It's a woman's duty to look as attractive as possible at all times, but it is an offense against the eternal fitness of things for her to be overdressed. Strive for simplicity and neatness in your attire rather than elaborateness—it's really more attractive. Save your fancy frocks and jewelry for evening wear.

Q—Three of my beautiful ferns froze. The leaves are all brown and drooping. Is there anything I can do for them?
A—MRS. R.

Q—Soak well with cold water, cut off all of the dead leaves and put new plant food in the flower jar. If the plants are not too badly injured, they will soon start anew from the roots.

Q—Do you know of any factories or stores that would give me sewing to do at home? I should

even be glad to get plain sewing or mending to do.
A—E. M. J.

Q—I know of no factories that have any part of their work done at home. The modern way is to have all work done under factory supervision. However, if you are willing to do plain sewing or mending, you should be able to secure this kind of work by personally soliciting.

Q—Is there any way to remove candle drippings from a Brussels rug without sending to the cleaners?
A—D. S.

Q—Lay brown wrapping paper over the spots and smooth with a warm iron. Continue until the grease is absorbed.

Q—Can you tell me how to treat a neighbor of mine who comes over two or three times a day and stays at least an hour, keeping me from my work. I don't wish to be rude, but she annoys me exceedingly.
A—BUSY WIFE.

Q—Since she annoys you so often with her presence, you are justified in telling her when she comes that you are very busy, and you must ask her to excuse you while you go on about your work. If you do this several times while she is there, her common sense will surely tell her that she is not wanted.

Q—A number of boys have recently formed a club and elected officers, but we are not certain about their dues. Will you tell us what the president, secretary, treasurer and sheriff are to do?
A—BOYS.

Q—Usually the president presides at meetings and has general management of the club; the secretary keeps a record of the business and writes the letters; the

Outbursts of Everett True

MR. DRUGGIST, WILL YOU PLEASE WAIT ON ME RIGHT AWAY?—I'M IN A BIG HURRY.

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